OLYMPIC THEATER .- "He iron," G. L. Pox. STADT THEATER.-"L'Africaine." Mrs. Lichtmay. WALLACK'S THEATER .- "The Liar," and " Ameri-

Newcomn & Arlangton's Minstruts, Broadway SAN FRANCISCO HALL-The Japanese.

Business Notices.

WHEEL 2R AND WILSON'S SEWING MACHINE.
141 Breadows and 20ther, by paying \$10 days, and \$10 per month
citizent extra charge. Machines to lef.

J. T. Ellis & Prior. BATCHELOR'S HATR DYE.—The best in the self, industries harmless, perfect. Applied at Factory, No. 15

Life and endowment policies of the TRAVEL-

To Caritalists. - See advertisement in Weekly

FOR HEALTEY GUMS, WHITE TEETH, and ARTIFICIALITIES PALMER LIMES. 678 Broadeny, S. Y., 1 600 Chestoniet, Philos. 31 Greenet, Factor.

TERMS OF THE TRIBUNE.

DAILY TRIBUNE, Mail Subscribers, \$10 per annum. SEMI-WILKLY TRIBUNE, Mail Subscribers, \$4 per au WEERLY TRIBUNE, Mail Subscribers, \$2 per augum DAILY TESTAMENT, No., 40c., 50c., 30c., and \$1 per line.
State William & State \$2. \$3. and \$5 per line.
Where Y Theren, \$2. \$3. and \$5 per line.
According to position in the paper.

Terms, cash in advance.

Address, The Tribune, New-York.

Mr. John L. Gerow, for many years Cashier of The Tainene, is our agent in Philadelphia to receive adversisements and subscriptions. His office is at No. 112 South Sixthest., Ledger Building.

Advertments for this week's issue of THE WEEK'S INDICATE MALE IN THE SECTION OF T

New-York Daily Tribune.

TUESDAY, MAY 2, 1871.

The garrison of Fort d'Issy hoisted a flag of truce, but ions for its surrender failed. The Versa army of investment has been largely reënforced. It is reported that the Germans will intervene if the insur rection be not speedily quelled. Gen. Cluseret has been removed as Communist Minister of War, and M. Rossel has been appointed. - The Budget is still under discussion in the English House of Commons.

The U. S. Supreme Court has affirmed the constitutionality of the Legal-Tender act, ---- The May Debt Statement shows a further reduction of over \$6,000,000. = A hosiery mill has been burned in Troy, The levee is still crumbling away at the Bonnet Carré crevasse. --- The Coal-Miners' Convention at Hyde Park was without result, and a settlement is apparently further off than ever. The crops in California are still suffering from hot weather.

A descent was made on six of the worst houses of prostitution in the Eighth Ward. - Eight Chatnam-st. bagnio-keepers were sent to the Penitentiary. Hugh Blessing attempted, for the second time, to lill the seducer of his daughter. — Two hundred quarrymen and laborers in the Nineteenth and Twenty-second Wards have struck for higher wages. = = Gold, 1112, 1112, 1112. Thermometer, 560, 680, 580.

The monthly statement of the Public Debt shows a decrease of \$6,124,053 13, something less than the average during the present Administration. The total decrease since President Grant began his system of retrenchment, twenty-six months ago, is \$221,889,71687. During the same time the annual interest charge has been reduced \$1,072,503 33. These significant figures are their own best comment.

Another effort at compromise of the Coal difficulties has failed. The miners who met yesterday at Scranton proposed to go to work again, but at rates which the operators would not concede. The miners want \$1 10 per carload, while the operators refuse to pay more than 86 cents. The distress among the miners is very great and daily increasing; but neither the operators nor the leading spirits among the City, and in the American bar-rooms, the frightful the miners betray any disposition to compro-

The Supreme Court yesterday announced decisions in the Legal Tender act and other cases of less public importance. The formal announcement of the back-action of the Court on the question of the constitutionality of the Legal Tender act, as applied to contracts made before the war, does not differ from that which we have already published. It is a decision in the interests of the great railroad companies, and it has been reached through the instrumentality of their former paid advocates and stockholders now on the bench. The first conclusion of the Court has been bastily reversed, but it will and reverence for the tribunal which this decision has sacrificed.

Marshal MacMahon did not follow up the advantage gained on Saturday before Fort d'Issy, possibly not having perceived it in time. The engagement which followed on Sanday did not result, as anticipated, in the capture of the fort, but ended at nightfall Arsenic, Prussic Acid, &c., are deadly poisons; with a summons to surrender. From the fact that this demand was made at the close of the struggle it is to be inferred that MacMahon succeeded in getting his batteries into position, and was prepared, in the event of refusal to surrender, to bombard the fort. The parley tasted all Sunday night, when the Communists having resolved on further defense, the botabardment was resumed on Monday morning. The result has not yet been stated. It is asserted that in this operation MacMahon has used Krupp's cannon, berrowed from the Germans, and to oppose which the Communists have nothing worthy to be called artillery. It is not impossible that this story may be true. The Germans certainly display their good will toward the Versailles Government whenever occasion offers, and their kind offices may extend to the loan of their superior weapons. As a stronger evidence of this good will, Prince Bismarck has again extended the time for carrying out the treaty stipulations, but has accompanied the concession with a strong hint to M. Thiers that the authority of the Republic must soon be established in Paris, or the Germans will take charge of the refractory city in their own name, and to secure their own interests. This urgency of the Germans will, of course, affect the military operations of MacMahon, and perhaps impel him to enterprises of little promise and much danger.

Gen. Cluseret, in his turn, has been called upon by the Commune to pay the penalty of failure, and has been dismissed from the position of Minister of War. An order for his arrest was issued, but revoked, and his head for the present is safe. But when the threatening disasters to the Commune culminate, as | in this compromise.

the attainment of that municipal freedom to which they aspire and to which their conduct during the siege was thought to entitle them, may possibly be the chief object of public haired and the first victims of the fury of the mob into which the demoralized Guards will resolve themselves. It may appear strange that at this moment of the failing fortunes of the Commune a successor to Cluseret can be readily found, but it is as dangerous to refuse to serve the Communists as to fail in the allotted task. Unwillingness to serve is as great a crime in Paris as inability to succeed; and refesal at once places the unfortunate and too modest man on the fatal list of suspects. M. Rossel, Chiseret's successor, is a recruit from the ranks of the workingmen, and brings to the direction of the military affairs of the Commune all the qualifications attainable by long service in the Brest dockyards as a ship-carpenter. The Commune began by placing in chief command a journeyman printer, Bergeret, and then a café waiter, Duvai: but finding that neither compositors nor waiters are by nature great military geniuses, they tried what virtue there was in men without either trade or profession. Dombrowski and Cluseret, both of this stamp, have each signally failed, and the Commune returns in despair to the trades again. What Carpenter Rossel is to accomplish to save his head is next to be seen.

THE GERMAN-AMERICANS AND TEMPER-ANCE LEGISLATION.

In the outset of the Republican movement, a large proportion of our fellow-citizens of German birth took part in it. Many of these have since left us, and now act with the Sham Democracy. We are told that this change is a consequence of "fanatical," "puritanie," aquarial" legislation, which must be renounced and condemned, whereupon the Germans who have left us will come back, bringing others with them. Says The N. Y. Times:

"What we arge is simply this: The Republican party was not formed to support reforms in drinking habits, any more than to advance reforms in religion. It has its definite municipal and national objects in the field of politics, objects which are sufficiently remote and sufficiently difficult of attainment to satisfy the most ener getic and ardent reformer. They are primarily to pre serve the fruits of the war at the South, to conduct the National Government economically and with careful regard to the resources of the untion, and to pronicipal purity and honesty."

-To which THE TRIBUNE responds that this is precisely the ground taken by the Republican party at the outset (in 1855), and always consistently maintained by it. This party, as such, is neither for nor against anti-tippling legislation, but leaves each of its members free to be for or against it as his own judgment and conscience shall dictate. A man is no better Republican because he would shut up all dramshops if he could; neither is he any less entitled to the designation. On this, as on all questions outside of its declared purposes, the Republican party prescribes no creed or course of action to its members, but leaves each free to act as to him shall seem good.

Is not this satisfactory? We anti-Liquor men vote for German Republicans like Franz Sigel and Sigismund Kaufmann, knowing them to hold views of Temperance radically opposed to ours: Shall German Republicans nevertheless vote against such as we are because our views differ from theirs? Is that liberalism ?

But hear The Times further: " It is a great mistake, which those who have argued against us in this matter have made, that the Germans demand nothing but unbounded license. The Germans, it is true, have had for generations very different social habits from our own. They are mainly natives of wine ountries, and, as is the custom of such people the world over, are in the habit of drinking, in family and socially, somewhat freely of light beers and wines, which are much less alcoholio than our eider. As a general thing, they are less given to intoxica-tion than our own people or the Irish. In arriv ing here, under a different climate, with stronger liquors in use and dearer wines, and among a people of different social customs, the more sensible part of them see the propriety and necessity of somewhat changing their habits. They behold every day, in the Irish quarters of effects of unrestrained whisky and rum-drinking. They see the long roll of crimes against persons and property every Monday morning, committed on the Sunday in corner groceries and rum-shops. Now, we should be doing violence to all that we know of the good sense of the German-Americans, if we did not suppose that they were open to any reasonable compromise on the subject

of public drinking." -Now hear The Tribune on this point: We Temperance men rest our cause on the simple, scientific truth that Alcohol is essentially a poison, and that fall substances containing Alcohol are consequently baleful to the healthy human system. We do not assume that a glass of Lager or of Cider is as injurious as a glass of Whisky or Gin, because it contains a far less quantity of Alcohol; but we insist that an ounce of Alcohol is just as burtful when not be as easy to restore the public respect diffused through six glasses of Lager as when imbibed in two glasses of Rum or Brandy. We perceive, therefore, no safe ground whereon to discriminate between one Alcoholic

beverage and another. What we should prefer to do, if we had power, is to place the dispensing of Alcoholic stimulants under the same legislation with that of all other poisons. Calomel, Opium, whence it does not follow that their sale should be absolutely prohibited. It should, on the contrary, be authorized and licensed, but (as with other poisons) placed under such regulations and safeguards as should preclude its abuse. The fact, if fact it be, that many are ignorant of its poisonous nature, while prone to its immoderate use, so far from affording reason for its unchecked dispensation, intensifies the moral obligation to restrict its dispensation to capable, discreet, conscientions persons, who will take all possible care that it be not abused.

Such are the convictions of a very large proportion of the Republicans of our State, who are not inferior to others in moral worth or intellectual power. If they had no will to consult but their own, they would urge the State to confine the dispensing of Alcoholic fluids to licensed chemists and druggists of eminent

integrity and capacity. But, recognizing the facts that the nature of Alcohol is widely misapprehended, and that a majority of the voters are not prepared to sustain such regulation of the Liquor Traffic as they deem most correct and beneficent, the great body of the Temperance men are willing to meet their Republican brethren more than half-way. They did this in the Excise Act of 1866, which closed the grog-shops of our metropolitan district from midnight till sunrise of each secular day and through all hours of Sunday, leaving them open to customers from sunrice to midnight of every day but Sunday. It seems to us that any Republican who realizes that Temperance men have some rights which others ought to respect, should have been willing to acquiesco

commit the follies which postpone for years always been the law here that Liquor must not the schools yield to their whims and wishes; be sold from bars on Sunday, the Germans insisted that this law should now give way to their tastes and customs. From Republicans, they would take nothing short of the legalization Demograts are in power, they rest satisfied with permission to violate the law with im-

punity. ground of compromise-that, namely, of allowing each city and township to regulate the Liquor Traffic for itself, either licensing or probibiting as it shall from time to time see fit; the will of each to be ascertained by a direct vote of its electors respectively. If the majority choose to have liquor sold, their votes will say so; if not, the official canvass will profreely conform to the popular decision, the bad will be made to respect it.

Here is a basis of compromise which the Temperance men (with rare exceptions) will gladly agree on and abide by. Why is it not liberal, fair and just?

UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER.

it is a little more than a year since the great Jack-Knife war broke out between the Young Democracy and the Tammany Ring, and The World's columns, for a few short weeks, rang with the depunciations of the corrupt eligarchy and ridicale of the sleek thieves who now control the destinies of the Democratic party in New-York. How many times during that stirring period were not the faithful in the rustic counties warned that they could not afford to carry such a Isad of infamy as Tweed, and Sweeny, and Oakey Hall, and James Fisk, jr., and the Erie Directors bill! How often were not the bonest Democrats called upon to turn out the regues and purify the Tamenany organization from the corruption of which it had so long been full! "Strong in its identity with the "origin and the history of the party," Tammany is weak, said The World, "only in the "selfish, sordid rule of the Ring. The Demo-"cratic masses no longer rule in Tammany. The Ring rules Tammany, and is raining "Tammauy." Who the Ring were, The World did not leave us to conjecture. It printed all their names, and chief among them were the four gentlemen who still run the Tammany machine, as they did then-William M. Tweed Peter B. Sweeny, A. Oakey Hall, and Richard B. Connelly. What scathing adjectives The World burled at Mayor Hall, the "servile tool" of the Ring in all its dirty schemes; and how charmingly it painted the character of Boss Tweed rolling in ill-gotten wealth, and celebrating festive Sundays by drinking punch over a stable in Bayard-st.! Then the fight came to a head. The World and the Young Democracy went to Tammany Hall one evening to set everything right; but Mr. Tweed put the keys in his pocket, and left the meeting out in the cold. Since that time we don't believe there has been any question about the identity of Tweed and Tummany. The Boas has had The World down, and has been sitting on it for about thirteen months.

Now our esteemed friend is begging to be let up. We hear no more about the "shame-"less frauds" or the Bayard-st. revels. Wo hear no more of that pathetic cry which went up from The World on the 4th of April, 1870-Will Democratic Senators vote to let these "leeches fatten on us forever?" The Erie bill, which was disgraceful a year ago, has recently been defended as a just and equitable measure. Even the Erie lawsuits have now been defined as regular and equitable, and Erie counsel as ornaments to their profession. Mr. Tweed's oligarchy is finally admitted to be a just, beneficent, and economical administration, and the Tammany Ring the savior of the country. Thus The World cries quarter and surrenders everything. It warns the Southern Democrats against "the worse than folly of suffering themselves "to be deluded, either by their own prejudices "or by the artifices of their enemies, into underrating the power or doing injustice to the "character of the one great Democratic pha-"lanx [the Democratic organization of New-York], which neither storm has bowed nor "sunshine melted away during all these years | ates them. "of trial and despair." Really, this is a most complete and unqualified-not to say abjectsubmission, and if Mr. Tweed do not relent he must have a heart of iron.

As honest confession is said to be good for the soul, so getting all right with the Boss must act, we suppose, as a sort of cock-tail for the courage; and The World, having performed its penance, accordingly, in a somewhat frantic manner, invites the Radicals to come on and "fight us with such weapons as they can gorge." If we could gorge" a file of The World for the Spring of 1870, we fancy it would prove the most effective weapon against "the Democratic organ-'ization of New-York" that ever was devised; but we can't do it.

THE RULERS OF OUR CITY.

We have again been startled by one of those great crimes which, at stated intervals, arouse us to a realization of the serpents coiled among us with fangs always ready for action. A merchant, riding in our most public conveyance, is struck dead by a ruffian for protecting two respectable ladies from brutal insolence. And, now that the friends are burying their dead, and the widow and orphan are bowed down at the loss of their protector, the community unites in a cry of horror and calls for the speedy punishment of the murderer. Then in a few weeks all will be forgotten till the next victim is selected.

We would not have the cry of herror less, but we would have the voice of reason more distinct. We would have a looking into the future, and an earnest inquiry into the cause and prevention of municipal crime. For experience shows us that one crime will follow another: that Mr. Nathan followed Mr. Rogers to the grave-Mr. Putnam followed Mr. Nathan. And the same violent end doubtless awaits others who are to-day not dreaming of it.

The existence of evil-minded men in crowded cities is, unfortunately, inseparable from our civilization. The safety of the community is only insured by a system of checks and punishments which should in the first place the next, make the evil doer suffer for his action. Our police supply the one; our courts the other. It is thus at once evident how completely both should be removed from the influence of every form of corruption; how entirely fearless and independent they should be in all their actions.

Yet what is their condition? This city is ruled by Tammany Hall. Every department of the municipal government furnishes one of Tammany's creatures with a place. seems certain in a few days, Cluseret and the But it was against this precisely that our New buildings go up under their direction; other madmen who have led the Parisians to German ex-allies revolved. Though it had streets are opened and closed at their demands:

in a word, they are our masters. And who are they? Who is Tammany Hall? The answer is found in another column, in the list of men of the Sunday Liquer Traffic; but, since the who form the chief committee. And a sorry answer it is for New-York City. It is destitute of all the names that should appear in such a position of power-names known and honored There remains, we judge, but one practicable | in literature, in commerce, and in the professions. It presents only the names of municipal parasit has suck their living from the his solitude a fine company of experiences, of plant they poison in the process; Aldermen voted into office by the Ring's money, gamblers of open repute, loafers without a single calling to claim as their own. And this Committee it is which farms out the City's offices, hange swords of Damoeles over claim that fact, and, while good citizens will Judges and Commissioners, bends every avenue of expenditure toward one coffer, and so domineers over the Island of Manhattan that suffrage has become a mockery and citizenship has lost its power. Seading its tentacles into every district of every ward, it holds the Judge

in subjection by threatening to take away his

office, the rumseller by threatening to remove

his gas-light. From the Mayor to the street-

sweeper every manicipal agent is the servant

and the tributary of this Ring.

Going back, then, to our two principles of safety, guardianship and punishment, we see in whose hands we are. The officer who patrols the street owes his position to some member of the Ring. The Judge on the bench, unless in his case the people have had spirit to disregard the Boss's bidding, is a creature of the same power. The man who picks your pocket in the street, and the captain who sitquietly at his deck while the thieves in his precinct are doing the same in a panel-house, are both men of "influence." It is the power of this "influence" which breeds those most noxious of social poisons-dead laws. The hope of corrupt protection, the prospect of final impunity, gives nerve and confidence to the midnight burglar, to the rufflan of the sidewalk, the keeper of the bagnio and the gambling hell. It is from the feul fountain of misrule that this dreadful deluge of crime has come upon us. All attempts to cure the effects will be unavailing until we have attacked and vanquished the prolific cause.

A FOLUNTEER PRISONER.

Is not this, related in a private letter from London, rather a remarkable story? About ten years ago a young American from New-York, Walter Hastings by name, dining in London in company with Lord C---, expressed the opinion that solitary confinement in a dark cell was not so dreadful a punishment as had been represented. His Lordship-so goes the taleoffered Hastings £10,000 if he would undergo entire seclusion for ten years. The proposition being agreed to, a cell was fitted up in Lord C-'s town house. It was from twelve to fifteen feet square. The prisoner was to be allowed candles, a few books, writing materials, plain food-the latter served by a man who was not to be seen. In this way Hastings has been living for a decade of years, his term expiring about the 1st of the present month. He is now released, and has received, we suppose, his bard-earned money. He emerges from his dangeon in rather a dilapidated condition, appearing, though only thirty-live, like a man of sixty-five years of age, his frame stooping and his steps tottering, his face sallow, hi hair and beard white, his voice tremulous and his speach hesitating. He is coming directly to America, and we should not wonder if Mr. Barrum knew something about him. If so, in this respect, the volunteer incorcerate has an advantage over the Prisoner of Chillon, who never found his Barnum at all, but only his Byrou-and in other respects, over the famous St. Simon Stylites, who remained so long, not at his post, but upon the top of it, looking down with a contemptuous eye upon the admirers who sent him up his lenten provender by means of a rope and basket. We can only compare our Walter Hastings with the historical old gentleman who was found, very much | nothing, a tropical paradise. He says: in need of a hair-dresser, in one of the subterraneau dens of the Bastile, and who died soon after being released, as toads do when the splitting of their granite inclosure liber-Mr. Emerson once told a congregation of

college students that if they hoped to do anything in this world they "should woo solitude "as a bride;" and he must be unhealthily fond of bustle and babble who does not now and then experience a lenging to turn eremite. David, in a moment of irrepressible impatience, declared all men to be liars; and so one may, when his sight seems to be at the clearest, imagine all men to be fools, forgetting, perhaps, that he may be entitled to high rank among the scholastics. History, from Cincinnatus at the plow-tail to Charles V. muddling with his watches in the morastery, gives us examples enough of men weary of public and ardent for a perfectly private routine. Unquestionably all of us, could we but live long enough, would look forward with relief to the coming solitude of the sepulcher, and peevishly complain, like those horrible Mortal-Immortals of Swift, that Death has forgotten us in his hunt for the shining marks. In the olden time it was easy enough to find a cave and to set up a slow sort of business therein as a hermit away from "the purse-proud, elbowing influence," the dissensions, flatteries, grimaces, and censures of those we call (facetiously) our "brethren." It would be pretty, even now, to be "a gentle hermit of the dale," and to live upon herbs and fruits, and water from the spring. But caves are not so common as they were, and a hermit, now-a-days, being soon found out, is exposed to paragraphs in the newspapers and whole caravans of gaping and chattering visitors. It is easier, should solitary propensities get the better of us, to set up our hermitage in a chamber, and to have our dinner brought up to us by some neat-handed Phyllis, who will also give us a taste of conversation as she arranges the room of a morning. Certainly it is better for some menthough this is hardly true of any woman-to flee from the bustle and shouldering of the world; nor do we by this mean to offer any extenuation of mere cynicism, which may be regarded as the most foolish of self-indulgences, even if it were compatible with selfrespect. At the same time, a mind naturally quiet and peaceable is irritated, with but little render the possibility of evil doing less; in help for it, by the polyphonous jargon of more practical and less nervous natures. If any one of our readers dislikes mere noise, and finds it a serious impediment to his pursuits, he has probably, unless he has made a close secret of his infirmity, been laughed at for harboring it. Our cities and towns and houses are peopled by legitimate descendants of Boanerges. I'vy seem to think (as Byron said of the sea) that there "is music in their

"less alone than when alone;" the poet above quoted avowed that there "is society where none intrudes;" and this recalls the fine couplet in the prison-song of Lovelace-Minds peaceable and quiet take, This for a 'hermitage." The most pertinacious recluse can never get away from himself-from that other Ego, with whom he is fated, either for grief or gladness, to maintain an endiess colequy, and from whom he cannot escape even in his dreams. Then each solitary takes into successes to grow complacent over, of failures to keep up a bealthy irritation, of hopes wrecked or come to port in the past, as well as of hopes strong enough to make the darkest present significant of twill sht, as the cocks are swindled into premature salatations by a full moon. After all, there is no such thing as genuine solitude. Our London recluse had twenty books to read-quite enough for ten years if they were good or bad enough. He had the life behind him and £10,000 before him. Though he did not see with his bodily, he did with his mind's eye, the menial who brought his food. He who looks into that wonderful book, Butler's Lives of the Saints, will find extraordinary narratives of lonesome asceticism, but there is no hermit without the company of angels to cheer him, or the assurance of Paradise to glorify his squalid quarters. Let us venture to say then hat in this world, as probably in the next, there is no such thing as complete isolation for any creature. In the most interior dungeon there will always be the crust to eat, the

piders to observe, the mice to teach, or ten

It does not speak well for the modesty of

fingers to count over and over.

our kind that, while many men hide themselves with a feeling complacent enough that they are too good to live in this world, we never hear of anybody who has immured himself from an opposite feeling that he was not good enough. Hence, we have seen that recluse against his will, the eminent Andy Johnson, triving to get back to the strident life in Washington, and not relishing his Tennessee refuge, to which everybody was pleased to see him retire. The wrong-doing people, who have been adjudged unfit to live at large, are always scraping way the mortar of their prison walls with the design of rejoining their kind, which only cares to be well rid of them. The poet has declared that under certain circumstances, i. e. when wicked men bear sway, the post of honor is a private station; and yet if you look into Congress, you will find divers "Democrats" indignantly crying that wicked men do now bear sway; and yet not one of the complainants shows the smallest inclination to gratify us, by imitating the American gentleman in London, although they must know that, if they will but consent so go into hiding, the public will gladly undertake the charges of their maintenance. It has been said that the world is too much with us; there are some of us, poor creatures, who are too much with the world. A law for the indictment and perpetual imprisonment upon conviction of bores would, tormented as we are by them, be held an overrefinement of jurisprudence. Fortunately, the night at least, dedicated to Morpheus, affords some chance of escape from them; and it is not irrational to believe that, even in Heaven, they will live within a nice, comfortable, but strong inclosure.

SANTO DOMINGO. Mr. Henry B. Blackwell (husband of Lucy Stone, and a life-long Abolitionist) has been traversing Santo Domingo, and returns enthusiastic for its annexation. In a terse and vigorous letter to The Independent, he develops the riches and beauties of that republic, insisting that its soil is for the most part marvelously fertile, so that Sugar, Molasses, Coffee, Cocoa, &c., &c., can be produced there in boundless quantities, and afforded on our Atlantic scaboard at less than half the prices we now pay for them. In short, he finds the island, whereof we are offered two-thirds for

More than balf of the area of Santo Domingo is hilly but fertile, and is eminently fitted for the culture of Coffee. There are ten thousand square miles, or six million acres, each acre capable of producing 1,500 lbs. of Coffee annually. The trees commence bearing when four years old, and continue to bear for a century. Many of the finest Coffee plantations in the neighboring island of Jamaica are situated on precipitous mountain-slopes, 3,500 feet above the sea, in a delightful elimate, where the thermometer never rises above 75 deg. nor falls below 50 deg. in the shade. There I have seen trees, planted seventy years ago, leaded with coffee berries, while the ground beneath them was covered with wild strawberries. "Coffee can be profitably produced for five cents per

pound by free labor in Santo Domingo. Its culture is eminently adapted to families of small capital, as the labor to light, and can be performed by women and children. A coffee plantation of forty acres can be made by hired labor, including all necessary machinery, for less than \$5,000. "The Casao tree, which produces the Chocolate bean,

is found growing in the woods. It can be cultivated with even greater profit than Coffee. Ginger and Indigo are weeds growing wild by the roadside. I have seen the Ginger shrub in blossom on the summit of a mountain "The climate of Santo Domingo is not unhealthy, as is

falsely alleged. On the contrary, the hilly districts are extremely salubrious. The central water-shed of the Cibao is 8,000 feet high. The mountain ranges run east and west, giving free access to the trade-winds, which blow steadily from the east all the year round. The island is singularly free from sand and swamps. The general character of the soil is a strong clay loam, underlaid by limestone. The surface is undulating, with rapid streams of clear, cold water, and is admirably drained by Nature. Noxious insects and reptiles are rare. White men can live on the island and rear healthy families. A process of acclimation is, indeed, inevitable; but this acclimation need not be severe nor dangerous. The same is true of the Mississippi Valley in a greater degree. If any tropical region in the world is healthy, Santo Domingo is that region. At present, there are very few people in Dominica-about as many as to Newark, N. J. They seem peaceable and honest, willing to work and ready to learn. Santo Domingo and Hayti combined have fewer inhabitants than Philadelphia. The island can support fifty times its present population."

Mrs. Torpey and her husband conspired to rob a London jeweler, with the aid of chloroform and straps, the lady applying the anasthetic while the gentleman seized the diamonds. Mr. Torpey escaped to the Continent with about £2,500 worth of plunder, and his wife, being tried for her share of the offense, was acquitted on the extraordinary ground that she acted under the compulsion of her husband. The case was not allowed, however, to rest here. Detective Shore watched this representative of "the subject sex" from the moment she left the court, and in the course of a few weeks he was rewarded by the discovery that she had gone into deep mourning and dyed her flaxen tresses a raven black. Thus disguised she proceeded one day to a house in the busiest part of London, and Detective Shore took the liberty of following her unannounced into the parlor, where Mr. Torpey himself was found, with a fraction of the missing jewels in his pocket. Justice, defrauded of a victim in the acquittal of the wife, will perhaps satisfy itself with the im-"roar." We yearn to get away from them and position of a double penalty on the husband. to meditate upon that rule of human dignity That seems indeed but a logical consequence Some philosopher said that he was "never of the former verdict; for if Mrs. Torpey was for our first grandmother. which is only proved by innumerable exceptions.

not legally guilty of her half of the drugging and robbing, the compelling male Torpey is clearly accountable for both her haif and his own.

The staff corps of the Navy must be disgusted with the new Nay; negister which appearing several week? after the a journment of the XLHd Congress, novertheless ignores the bill regulating rank, which become law on the last day of the session. The l'egister gives the highest officers in the staff nothing better than the relative rank of Commander, instead of the assimilated rank of Commodore to which they are entitled. We take it for granted that Admiral Porter has found the execution of the new law beset with more perplexities than he can solve in a single month, though what those perplexities can be average civilians are at a loss to imagine. Meanwhile the settlement of the great naval controversy attracts attention abroad, and the English Army and Navy Casette hopes that it will stimulate a revision of the British Navy regulations, for the purpose of increasing the efficiency of the medical corps. Commenting upon Admiral Porter's opposition to the change, the same anthority remarks; "Amid all the contentions on this point in our Navy so haughty a tone as this was never assumed by those whose opposition gave way before the efforts of the medical elament, that are now crowned with success in the Navy of the Republic, where a substantive rank within the service itself is established that earries with it the pay, emoluments, and retired pay of the executiva rank corresponding to it, which is more precise and satisfactory than the abstract idea of relative rank with the Army. It is desirable, now that an act of longress has given officers a fixed position, that there should be a frank acceptance of the new order of things, and that, in all matters except command, the rank which legally confers equality of emolaments of office will be the warrant of a certain social precedence with its rights, whatever be the technical name applied to it."

It seems to be thought something remarkable that Mr. Wilkie Collins should produce as a drama that which he means subsequently to publish as a novel. We heartily wish that a writer whose powers of constructing and developing a plot are hardly equaled by any living English writer would do his best to give us a play without any notion of afterward subjecting it to the narrative transmogrification. The playwright is necessarily no more a good novel-manufacturer than an accomplished shipbuilder is a dexterous house-carpenter. The difference is that of telling a story in three or five acts, or in two or three volumes. He who works for the stage must husband his resources, must be an adept in hinting at more than is said in the dialogue or displayed in the action; while the novelist works at his leisure, passes from story to olloquy at will, and has the immense advantage of informing us beforehand what kind of man or woman is shortly to be introduced. He may amplify at his pleasure, and has, unlike the dramatist, the privileges of episode and digression.

Mr. Brigham Young, by the vigor of his missionary enterprises, seems to have taught to his antagonists the art of attacking Mormonism, just as Napaleon I taught the European generals the mystery of modern warfare. The English Methodists, we are informed, not at all relishing the havoc of their folds made by the Utah apostles, now propose to retaliate in kind, by sending a squad of Methodist ministers to beard Brigham in his own city. This is the kind of energetic aggression which we have been long anticipating. Young keeps up his "religion," with its many revolting and ridiculous absurdities, by sheer force of his personal will. Up to the present time, the Mormon perverts had no where to go, nobody to sympathize with them, and no social status. With plenty of "Gentiles" to keep them in countenance, trade with them, pray with them, protect them, the "come-outers" will increase rapidly

The two branches of the Boston City Government are at loggerheads about a matter of the most tremendous importance. The Common Councilors, desiring some outward and visible sign of their dignity, appropriated \$1,024 for badges to be affixed to their conts. The grave Aldermen, regarding this as a bit of reprehensible vanity, refused to concur; and as the badge-money is included in the General Appropriation, so far as it relates to the contingent fund, the difference of opinion here became awkward. There have been Conference Committees, but these. after the most strenuous and exhausting debates, have settled nothing. There is no reason why a Common Councilman should not, if he pleases, wear the full uniform of a Major-General; but there is no reason either why the public should pay for it.

That renowned athlete, Misther O'Baldwin, otherwise called the "Irish Giant," has for one year and one hundred and sixty-three days been languishing in the House of Correction at Lawrence, Mass., for indulging in a prize fight with Wormald, in November, 1869. Some time ago he refused a pardon offered to him upon condition of his leaving the State. We are inclined to think, however, that he will be careful how he engages in another fistic encounter ia Massachusetts. Another conviction of the same offense might restrain the Giant of his liberty for a much longer time than one year and one hundred and sixty-three days. It is a pity that a man standing 6 feet and 6 inches in his stockings cannot find something to do for a living more chivalrous than hitting others necessarily of a smaller size.

Mrs. Elizabeth Small of Portland, Me., all the time lies in bed, and eats nothing unless obliged by force to swallow food. She is declared to be "in a trance;" yet, a true woman is she still; for, eating nothing, keeping her bed, not knowing her nearest friends, she continues to converse and to sing. Really, this is interesting. Stomach gone, legs (if we may use the word) gone, eyes refusing to recognize old faces, the tongue yet remains triumphantly lively. By the way, what is "a trance?" It is important to know definitely, in this time of trance-mediums, whether it be eestacy, or rapture, or epilepsy. It used to be one of these in old-fashioned days-it is pretty hard to determine exactly what it is now.

A very important change has been made in the sale of tickets by the Union Ferry Company under the new rules which went into operation yesterday. Formerly a free passage and 16 tickets were given for 25 cents; now the Company gives 17 tickets for a quarter, and the passenger pays his own fare with one of them. "Does the train start this evening at 35 minutes past 6, as usual ?" asked an elderly lady of a railroad employé. "No; it leaves at 25 minutes to 7," was the reply. "Dear me, dear me, how they do change these trains!" When the public, like the perplexed lady, have got over their first shock of astonishment at the extent of the modification made, they will doubtless appreciate the immense superior-ity of the new over the old arrangement.

Art-enliure, so long going on in Boston, has reulted in placing in the new building for the Girl's ormal and High School a fine east of the Panathewie frieze from the Parthenon, together with a cast of a full-length statue of Demosthenes, as well as here of Diana, Polyhymnia, and the Venus of Mile. There are also be as of Juno and Jupiter, Homer, Pericles, Æsculapius, Bacchus, Augustus, and a halflength Psyche. Upon the presentation of these works, which are mostly donations, there was some pleasant speaking; and it may relieve those whe w, in view of these mythological treasures, be yous about Christianity, to know that the cere nonies concluded with the singing of he XXIIII

Holyoke, Mass., we have always known to be a charming place, but all its merits were not revealed to us until we read that the town has voted that it needs no policemen for the ensuing year. This is, perhaps, as near an approach to the primitive sin plicity of the Garden of Eden as may be hoped for even in New-England. In fact it is rather an advance on the Garden, for if there had been a policeman there to arrest the tempter with the tail, and to warn Mrs. Eve against that fatal bite, how happy would it have been for all the generations of men; and how much greater would have been our respect